



# The Containers



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## Chapter 1 by Riggio Scoffic

Outside, even though the sky was dark, the boardwalk was as bright as day. They stood in the middle of two rows of carts placed on both sides of the path they were on that had had umbrellas and wheels. Where the rows ended stood a man under the brightest of the two spot-lights looking back at them. He stood alone and didn't seem awkward about it. Jake Orwell, cuffed his arms in front of him, his glasses on his face rose as he laughed and turned while his upper-body was in luminescence - beneath that in shade. He noticed the man standing beneath the other spot-light while he shook his head. Onel, his wife was a gritty girl when it boiled down to it she could always tell when he was uncomfortable and knew right away that something was off, she looked at the man who looked at her, then back at Jake who shook his head again and kept on talking. The group stood next to a building where they could see their own reflections in the windows or glass walls of the building. When they were finish talking Jake saw that that the man was gone and they approached another one of the carts. There were three in view, the one in the middle was empty, the two which were occupied were watched by two men sitting down, Their tables covered in clothes, and items, strangely the man of who's cart they approached first, ignored them while the man on the other end tentatively watched. The man who's cart they were at didn't even make eye contact, he just continued starrng off as if they weren't even there. It took them a little while to move on but they did the second man smiled as lit up a cigarette, his hand on his lap, his other arm he held up and crossed his legs. When they got closer he turned on his lamp which revealed his drawings on the carts table. They were unusual Rose and George the other couple decided they'd go on around the corner ahead to where they had saw a white tent earlier while Jake and Onel, continued looking at the mans drawings.

When they entered the tent they saw shelves of glass, formed into all sorts of different shapes and objects, they turned the corner and saw more shelves, and were full of paintings of all flowers and colours.

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